THE KING AND COURT GAVE AUDI-

ACHAPTER OF HISTORY,

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let us go on. We crossed the Long Bridge, and when we came to the Washington end of it we found a piece of artillery planted on the bridge. An officer stopped us and said that we could not go on until he had seen his superior officer. I told this officer that we were friends of the Government coming to give it information. We went up to Willard's Hotel, and found everybody doing something else. There was a ball somewhere, and the principal officer had gone to that. Gen, scott had gone to bed. We hung around until late at night, and then I got hold of Capt. Wright, and I told him our conclusions. Said he: There is a traingoing out to the Ferry at 4 o'clock in the morning, and we will send messanger to Lieut. Jones, in command at Harper's Ferry, and give him information. The messenger went off, and before the rebels could get around to Manassas Gapand capture Harper's Ferry and its arms, Jones had got ready for them, had mined the works, and he blew them up and retreated across the river. I think we may have saved it to the Union.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

ENCE.

A Rumorist's Entertalument in the Land of the White Elephant. Frank Lincoln, the humorist, who returned from his six-years' trip around the world last autumn, told the story of his entertainment before the King of Siam at Bangkok to a Sun man a day or two ago. The King's name is Phrabat Somdetch Phra Paramindr Maha Chulalonkorn Phra Chula Chom Klao Phra Chow Yuhua. Mr. Lincoln pronounces the first part very well, but he gets rather shaky toward the end. Most people, Mr. Lincoln says, think Slam to be a land of twins, because of the famous pair who were imported into this country by Barnum, but it is not. King Phrabat Some sisters, but they are not twins. Mr. Lincoln's appearance before his Stamese majesty was due to having met one of the King's prothers at Shanghal. He made such a good impres sion that an invitation to Bangkok followed.

Mr. Lincoln's performance before King Phra bat Somedetch Phra Paramindr Maha Chulalonkorn Phra Chula Chom Klao Phra Chow Yuhua took place in the royal palace, and was



HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF SIAM IN FULL STATE

witnessed by the entire court, including the hundred or more ladies of the royal seraglio. They were screened from the view of all the men except the King, who sat among them, and Mr. Lincoln, whose platform commanded both sides of the screen, so that he was visible to his entire audience and it was visible to him. He was the first Caucasian to enjoy the privilege of seeing the unveiled faces of the beauties of the royal harem. This privilege was not shared by the numerous fathers-in-law of the King who were present, for a father whose daughter becomes a wife of his Majesty

whose daughter decomes a wife of his Anjesty never sees her again.

Mr. Lincoln was conducted into the royal presence by two femals policemen—the Hibernicism is his. After everybody but himselt—at least he says he didn't—had kotowed to his Majesty, he proceeded to perform a programme which is here given entire, for a reason which will be manifest later.

PROGRAMME

Of Mr. Frank Lincoln's Monologue Entertainment.

B. The French comic singer.

5. The German singer and 'cello accompaniment. 7. Three minutes of lialian opera.
7. Obstinate little boy and story of George Washing

8 How to make an American cocktail

INTERVAL

9. The folly old gentleman singing a love sorg.

10. A cork-arm orator.
11. The old lady and her whistling tooth.

12. The German orator.

The modern planist.
 A midnight voice (cat).
 The festive mosquito.

16. Does barking at night.

17 An infant's serenade.

18. A rusty wheelbarrow. This programme, with some explanatory additions, was translated into Slamese for the enlightenment of the audience. The Slamese translation was then literally translated back into English to show Mr. Lincoln how much the audience was enlightened. Poliowing is this literal translation which was made by the court linguist:

PROGREM.

Mr. Phrang Kentingkon (there is no Fin Stamese with commence playing in Royal palace Nov. 17 i

o'clock in night. 'clock in night.

1. Singing of European call Victoria [Siamese for

English) indies and gentlemen;
2. Voice of band grambling like poor man blowing in

the street lot of boy and files troubling.

 Staging of Phrench people.
 Making like to get his likeness.
 Voice of Yelan people singing with fiddle. d. Vo.ce of woman singing theatre of Italy.

7. Voice of dull loy maxing like not understand when the man teil him a tale of boy took an axe from his father and cut his father tree down this tale comparable about the boy not talking lie when this dull boy understand this tale the man advise him to be-

come a good boy.

8. Voice of opening likquer bottle: pour in the glass;
stirring and open soda mixing; drink it American; all making cocktail.

DESERT. 10 MINUTES. a. Making like an old man; laugh and singing.
10. Making like a man his arm cut on left side; his arm made of corkwood. This man tells a tale when he speaking; he come and shaking hand with gentleman

ask him to take a proper seat.

11. Making like an old woman had all teeth made with wood; make her voice like whistle.

12. Make like Yelan people stood up explain some-

thing in Victoria language.

13. Man playing musical not good manner.

14. Cat squeat in the night.

16. Voice of mosquito.

 10. Force of mosquito.
 11. Buy marking in the night.
 12. Baby myring, mother singing, make child to sleep; voice of father speak hard and angry.
 18. Voice of draw wheel; no oil to put in the wheel. sleep; voice of fatter speak hard and angry.

18. Voice of draw wheel; no oil to put in the wheel.

In addition to this written explanation of Mr. Lincoin's various acts, the King, who understands English, although he does not speak it, translated what he said as he went along. As has been seen, the Simmese language has no equivalents for many English expressions, and the King's translation was proportionately long. The result was prolonged aloppages between the sentences, and Mr. Lincoin's jokes seemed even to him very stale long before they reached the audience. His Majeaty, however, was more than pleased to show off his knowledge of English to his courtiers and wives, and this caused him to laugh heartily at nearly everything Mr. Lincoin said or did. Of course, everybody laughed when the King did, and the entertainment proved a great success. Even Mr. Lincoin's playing a piano presented to the then King of Siam by Napoleon Ill., which hadn't been tuned since it loft Paris, was applauded. He got the equivalant of \$500, too, for less than an hour's work. The only mistake he made was when he said it was a bity the Siamese women discolored their teeth by chewing betsinut. Dogs have white teeth." said the King.

Mrs. Lincoin admired an exquisite tee set. Madam, it's yours, said the King. The Lincoin thought this was Oriental hyperboak but they found it at their address in London, with a card assuring them of the King's most distinguished consideration.

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY. The Adventures of a Missionary Brig in the South Bent.

Copyright, 1893, by Charles B. Lewis. In the month of January, 1870, a small brig ealled the Gospel Truth left New Caledonia for Sunday Island to transfer six missionaries to a new field of labor. The island of New Caledonia, as you will see by your map, lies to the northwest of New Zealand, while Sunday Island lies to the northeast. There were at that date at least two hundred English. Scotch, and American missionaries at work among the natives on the islands of the south Pacific lying to the north of New Zealand. You will rarely meet a sailor having a good word for missionary work away from home. Sad experience has dem-onstrated time and again that he is safer among the heathen than in the sallors' boarding houses of New York, Liverpool and Philadelphia. And it has always been a puzzle to plain Jack Tar why, for every one missionary sent out to convert the heathen, some of his own countrymen would ship five barrels of rum to the very same locality to offset the good work. That is neither here nor there, however, and I beg pardon for being two or three points off my course. From 1800 to 1872 I was in the trading

schooner White Wings, which piled between Australia and New Zoaland, and between the latter country and the larger islands to the north. We had frequently met the missionary brig as she transferred missionaries to new fields, and it was through us that it was decided to send a contingent to Sunday Island. We had touched there for trade, and found a mixed population and a bad state of affairs. This report was made in New Caledonia in November, just before our salling for New Zealand. It was January before the brig set sail, and in the same month we left New Zealand on a trip to the Friendly Islands. The missionary craft had always been by an English Captain and mate, with a crow of native fishermen and shell gatherers. These latter were always converts, and were paid at the rate of 50 a month. It was, to our way of thinking, like offering a prize to any one who would be converted. No matter how good a sailor a native was, he could not be shipped except on the recommendation of a missionary that he had got religion." The wages, low as they were, were three times as much as a fisherman could earn otherwise, and so it finally came about that you couldn't find one who didn't profess to have been Christianized. I won't say that four-fifths of them were liars and hypocrites, but you will presently see that some of them were actuated by the very worst motives in seeking for a "change of heart."

When the brig was about ready to sail. Capt. Baker met his death by accident. His mate, a Mr. Knowles, was competent to navigate, and as mate he got an islander familiarly known as "Buttons," He was a lisherman and a pilot, and got his name from wearing a big necklace of brass and horn buttons. He had been known as a tough character, but for the past few

of brass and horn buttons. He had been known as a tough character, but for the past few months had professed religion. Eight men were taken before the mast, and the brig carried a cook and steward, making twelve in all. Of the six missionaries taken abourd there was only one man—a lee, Mr. Straight. Or the live women one was his wile, one the wife of Mr. Knowles, and the other three were young women from 25 to 30 years of age. Three of them were to stop at Sunday Islands and the other three to be landed on one of the Esperance Islands, to the south. The brig was armed with six muskats, and the lee, Mr. straight had a double-barr-lied fowling piece oesides, he being a sports man as well as a very citiuslastic missionary.

Buring the first week of the voyage all went well, and Capt. Knowles declared that the formel Truth had never had a more cheerful and willing crew aboard. On the fourth day out "Buttons" got three of the muskets from the cabin under pretence of having them cleaned and repaired. He tried to get powder and shot as well, but in this he failed, though not because any one had the slightest suspicion of his loyalty. At super on the evening of the sixth or seventh day no tea or coffee was served in the cabin. In place of it was a drink known as "coo-coo." It is something like lemonade, but spiced with a berry having a nutmeg flavor. All would have drunk freely, but the liquid had a bitter, dieagreenble taste, and no one took more than two or three sips. That same night at midnight as capt. Knowles, who stood watch and watch with his mate, was just going off duty he was seized and flung overboard. The brig was then going through the water at a speed of five or six knots per hour, with a pretty heavy searunning, and he must have met his death with his mate, was just going off duty he was seized and flung overboard. The brig was then going through the water at a speed of five or six knots per hour, with a pretty heavy searunning, and he must have met his death with his mate, was just going off duty he wa

with other colonies. It had been settled among them before the bris loft Now Caledonia as to who should possess the flux women. The other six hoped to steal wives from some of the islands. The drink served out by the steward had been drugged, in his anxiety to make a good job of it he had overdone the thing. When they seized the missionary he cried out in surprise, and his wife heart him and became suspicious in time to see him being led forward, and then she did just what you wouldn't have expected a woman to do-locked the cabin doors and called the other women to assist her in barricading them. "Buttons" presently came aff with a plausible yarn, but finding his plot was betrayed he began to bluster and tircaten. The women were firm, however, and he went away to wait for daylight. The villain had completely hoodwinked the missionary as to his religious entitusiasm and had been made the recipient of many kindnesses. Unseen by the officers in our firm, and had been made the recipient of many kindnesses. Unseen by the officers in our firm, and had been made the recipient of many kindnesses. Unseen by the officers in our firm, and had been made the recipient of many kindnesses. Unseen by the officers in our firm, and had been made the recipient of many kindnesses. Unseen by the officers in the self-to of the mutiny about the Gospel Truth the schooner White Wings, on her way north was crossing her course, but a good many milos away. Three hundred miles northwest of Suniay Island is an island called South kermade. We were passing this island it of the west and to miles away when, in assisting to stow the flying the which had been haded down. I was shaken off the bow-sprit. At the cry of "Man overboard!" those on dock threw overboard whatever they could get tologinate of the miles had and they did not the island. and though they made faithful search for me I could not be found. I was half drowned, though yet making a light for life, when he was a life of the women known the faithful search for me island. As there wer

of course, it was a great mystery to them how the women had managed to set hold of the boat. It was rather a longish swim, but I expected to see at least one of them try it. After debating for a while one of them stripped off and entered the water. I sent the women into the cabin, and then hid behind the windlass. The man would board at the bows and come on deck to see what had happened. In about a quarier of an hour he put in an appearance, and I rose to my knees and soverel him with the fowing piece and ordered him into the fo'castis. He dropped down without a word, and I made the saile fast. What I wanted was hands to help sail the brig, and this was my plan to get them. The crowd on the beach halled again and again, and after half an hour had passed two swimmers came out in company. I treated them to the same surprise, and searced them in the same prison.

I had hands enough now to get the brig down to New Zeniand, and I therefore exhibited myself to Buttons and his crowd, and let thom know that the tables had been turned. They were taken clean aback and sat down and held a council. There were eight of them, and it wasn't unreasonable to hope they might recapture the brig by attacking in a body. After awhile they walked up the beach until the trees and bushes hid them from sight, but I could guess their plans. The tide would begin to ebb about 2 o'clock, and soon after that hour I might expect to see them coming off on a raft. They knew I had arms, and they could figure on my doing my best to best them off but it was their only show. The women were willing to do anything they could in such an emergency, but none of them had ever fired a musket. Directly after dinner I had them heat several pails of water, for use if the reach's and ordered him for the women were willing to do anything they could in such an emergency, but none of them had ever fired a musket. Directly after dinner i had them heat several pails of water, for use if the reach's and they man hear of the burner of the hear of the men cried out f

Dend in the Snow.

It was 10 o'clock in the morning when we got down to the plain. Six inches of snow had fallen since midnight. The plain was fourteen miles wide at that point, while its ditance cast and west was one hundred. It was almost as level as a floor, and the first sight of it elicited exclamations of astonishment. No snow over seemed so white. Not a tree or bush. not the track of a deer or wild beast, not the faintest trace that life existed between us and the faraway fort. The dead white of that plain made one think of the face of a corpse.

The wrinkle-faced old sergeant, who had superintended our work of bridging a chasm n the mountain pass, looked up at the sky. and across to the foothills and seemed in doubt. "Let's chance it?" cailed three or four of the men in chorus, and this decided the matter. In single file, the sergeant leading, the fourteen of us struck out across the pinic. As soon as

clear of the trees and brush every man felt a sort of giddiness. We had not gone two miles when the man in front of me seemed to have auddenly increased his height by a foot. I was puzzling over it when he just as suddenly became a dwarf. I beard the men laughing and knew that it was an optical delusion, but it frightened me. The sergeant had a mountain peak in view and seemed to strike a straight course, but when I looked back I saw that our trail zigzagged in a curious way.

We had made five miles of the journey when there was a sudden halt, and a groan of despair randown the line. The clouds were driving away and the sun threatening to come out. Even as we turned and looked back and wondered if there was time to retrace our steps the gray film drove off to the south, and Straight and said that the Captain wanted to see him on deck. The missionary bastly dressed and went out, and was at once seized by the mutineers. Some were for heaving him overboard at once, but others insisted that his life should be spared for a day or two at least. He was taken forward to the fo'castle and bound and gagged.

The object of the mutineers was twofold. They proposed to find some uninhabited island and set up as a colony, and they wanted the brig that they might trade with other colonies. It had been settled. the sun burst forth like an explosion. Every

ness; in one brist minute every man's eyes seemed affame. To open them was to see a purishe dame dancing about in a fantastic way; the gliddiness increased all of a sudden, and we sank down in our tracks for fear of failing. The rope! The rope! Was walled along the line, but the sergeant had already taken it from his knapsack. It was a light rope fifty feet long, and he made one end fast to his own body. Each man then passed the free end back to his comrade till the end of the line was reached. We were to turn back and attempt to reach the spot from which wo started. There was no such thing as seeing. If you opened your eyes after a long interval, the snow was blood red. The sergeant left for the trail with his feet, and we proceeded at a snail's pace. We had not made half a mile on the return journey when every man in the column was weeping or cursing. It was a species of drunkenness. Later on some shouled at the top of their voices. In the swaying about the sergeant was pulled away from the trail and could not find it again, and one of the men would have killed him with a knife if he could have laid hold of him by groping. During a moment of silence the officer sait:

"Boys, I am sorry for this, but I am not to blame. If you will lie down and cover your heads with your blankets, you will be all right when the sun goes down."

Of the fourteen only lour of us did as advised. The others seemed to have lost all reason. They sobbed like children: they cursel in a way to make you chill; they sang hymns and ribald songs; they groped about to find each other and fought like furies. It was mid-afternoon before I lost the sound of their voices. At 5 o'clock the sun was out of sight, and a bitter, biting wind blew down from the mountains. Our eye-still ached, but we could see our way, and we took the snowy trail back to the hills. The night came down with a blizzard, and oven in the shelter of a thicket, with a great fire blazing, ears and toes were frozen. Next morning, with a coil, grav sky and the air full of snowlak

DIED AS ABSALOM DIED.

An Old Man Riding a Mule Caught by the Hair and Held Until Dead,

From the Philadelphia Times,

Hair and Held Until Dead,
From the Philadelphis Action.

South Bend. Ind., March 3.—The story of Absalom and his death was repeated here resecently in the person of dedidiah filanton, and old man living near this place. Blanton was a small farmer, managing and working his farm alone, and residing in a little cabin on it where he cooked his own tood and even washed his own clothing, seldom exchanging a word with any one for days and weeks at atime. He dressed in the style of more than filty years ago, and wore his hair hanging about his should as and plat dength of two feet or more. When seen hive has Blanton was going from town, where he had been on one of his semi-yearly visits, where he went to sell the produce of his farm and to lay in his provision for six months, and was riding his little old mule, which bears the name of Beelzsbub.

Three days after Beelzsbub was seen croping the young grass from the roadside about a mile from Blanton's cabin, and, on catching sight of the approaching Stranger, Richard Leeson, of this place, Heelzsbub trotted off at once toward the thicket which marked the boundary of Blanton's land, but, seeing that Mr. Leeson did not follow, returned and again went toward the thicket, looking back at the gentleman, who presently suspected that the mule was trying to induce him to enter the wood, and at last he did so.

Presently he came across the dead body of the eccentric old farmer, whose hair, having eaught in the branches of a thorny lois of arc, held him suspended in the air. His neck was found to be troken, and it is supposed that, riding through the thicket, his hair, caught by the thorns, had jerked him from the saddle, breaking the neck, as he hung by his entire weight. About him were scattered the provisions he had bought in town, and in his pocket was found his purse, containing nearly \$1.600 in paper money, which proved that he had not been disturbed since being killed.

It was clearly to be seen that his death was not by murder, and could only have been in the manner descr

DO BRATE MEN FEAR?

Opinions of Veterans of Undonbted Valor o This Question.

From the Richmond Disputch. The question whether a brave soldier experionces the sensation of fear is one on which there is great diversity of opinion. Yet no authority can have more weight than the statement of warriors themselves, and here are the opinions of many of our famous Southern fighters. Gen. Jubal Early, whose bravery

has made his name illustrious, says:
"In response to the inquiry. 'Is fear in a oldier cowardice?' I would say that while cowardice is the result of excessive fear, it does not follow that fear is always cowardice. We are told in the Bible, Psalm ex., 10, and in several other places, that 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.' That, of course, is not cowardice. Fear is a word that has a variety of definitions, among them being 'anxiety, solicitude, reverential regard. respect mingled with awe.' Viewing it in the sense of an apprehension of danger. I do not know how I can better express my opinion on the subject than by referring to the adjective brave in Worcester's dictionary. In defining it he quotes from the Scotch poetess, Joanna Baillie, as follows:

"The brave man is not his who feels no fear. But he whose notes soul to fear subdues."

"From my own experience and observation lean say that the bravest solution in action is never without tear or approsinestion of dinner, but he encounters that danger without shrinking. It follows, therefore, that fear is not always cowardiced and solution, who, under the immortal Jackson, won unfading laurels for himselt, writes:

"The question. Is fear in a soldier cowardiced and solution. Its fear in a soldier cowardiced and solutions is the physical shrinking from physical strongle with opposing physical intellectual nature of men to law opposition of the united and intellectual nature of men to law oppositions of the united and intellectual nature of men to law oppositions of the cowardice and intellectual nature of men to law oppositions of the cowardice and tear are phrasical as well as moral conditions. Some men are unconscious of fear—they are actually uncontrollable. both cowardice and fear are phrasical as well as moral conditions. Some men are unconscious of fear—they are actually uncorronaments the low of tattle, they actually delight in the eferce excelement of the Artiflety, and Maior Harry Crimer would not be right than eat. Stuart enroyed battle, so the Cowardice and start enroyed battle, so the cowardice and was a ferce as any arroll xorse ancestor. Though I know melling personally of Grant, I am of the opinion that he seem of grant, I am of the opinion that he seem of the guns and the cheers of a charging line. Though I know melling personally of Grant, I am of the opinion that he seem of the guns and the cheers of a charging line. I have no doubt that many men facing death have felt their flesh shrink and their nerves give way, and were sorely afright. But pride of character, regard for the respect of those at home, and the present and made and the seem them were the coming shock; but I have no doubt that many men facing death have felt their flesh shrink and their nerves give way, and were sorely afrigh. But pride of character, regard for the respect of those and none has been accounted by t

to meet it.

"I believe the excitement we sawin many on the floid was a clock for real cowardice, and if not successful in the first dash they often gave up. A brave soldier is cool and persevering under fire.

"Every intelligent and educated man fears the contest, but is by no nears for this reason

if not successful in the first dash they often gave up. A brave soldier is cool and persevering under fire.

"Every intelligent and educated man fears the coniest, but is by no means for this reason a coward."

Gen. Wright, a doughty warrior, now in control of the War Records Office, expresses his opinion as follows:

"You ask from me an answer to the question, 'Is fear in a soldier cowardier?' My division commander in the late civil war. Gen. B. F. Cheatham, who was a hero of two great wars, once said to me: 'The man who says he goes into battle without lear is either an idloi, a lunatic, or a line.' On the eve of an engagement, as far as my observation and experience go, there is always perceptible a fearful looking forward to the consequences. It is said of Tamerlane that on the eve of a battle his was heard to exclaim. 'I wish I were a shepherd boy.' I agree with Gen. Cheatham that no same men ever engaged in a battle without a sense of fear. But this fear is not the fear of a coward. The brave man is he who goes into battle with a full knowledge of its nextle, which he wishes to escape, but risks his life for his cause and country.

"It is told of Giov, now Senstor! Z. it. Vance that being in a hotly contested engagement in the late civil war, he saw a hare between the lines running for life, when he exclaimed. 'Go it. Mollie White Tail, if I were not Governor of North Carolina I would run, too.'"

The following forcible sentiments are from the pen of a famous Southern cavairy General, who refuses to allow his name to spear:

"I fancy every man will agree that fear is as universal and indispensable a quality as most others. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. Solicitude for preservation is commonly called fear. Cowardies, I apprehend, is an entirely different thing. Cowardice is an unmanly submission to unworthy fear. You will find cowardice exhibited and well described in 'Measure for Measure for Measure' Cesar was afraid and cried to Cassius, when he was sinking. It was not one was the head of

Alice Mitchell in the Asylum,

Alice Mitchell in the Asylum.

From the Contrological.

Mempins, Feb. 28.—When the Legislative visiting Committee went through the West Tennessee Asylum for the bissine, at Holivar, yesterday, their attention was naturally directed more to Alice Mitchell than to all the other patients. They found the slayer of her girl friend in fine physical cendition. She has never been ill a day in the nine months of her confinement. She has gained twenty pounds in weight, and is as handsome a girl as one could wish to see. Mentally, however, she shows no improvement. She seems content with her lot, and has very little to say about the outside world.

When the name of Freda Ward is mentioned she seems subdued by said recollections for the moment, but the influence soon passes away, leaving her as joyous as ever. Her favorite diversion is playing the harmonica, which she does frequently for the entertainment of the other patients, all of whom have the greatest affection for her. Hefore the tragedy of twelve months ago she was a skillul performer on the plane, but she is unable to stretch an octave now, owing to having severed the leaders in two fing to having severed the leaders in two fing to having severed the leaders in two fings to having severed the leaders in two fings to having severed the fining from the hand is not deformed, but the injured fingers have lost their former flexibility. She is frequently visited by members of her family, and seems giad to see them, but shows no grief at their departure.

The most skeptical are now convinced that the girls malady is genuine, and the asylum physicians have no hope of her recovery.

MR. JOSIAH QUINCY.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE NEW ASSISTA ANT SECRETARY OF STATE.

Bone of the Young Democracy of Masonchusejts and Successful Manager of Political Campaigus-Editor of Gov. Ressell's Speeches After Their Delivery-The Delightful Frankness with Which He Expressed His Opinion of Sherman Honr's Fitness for a District Attorneyship.

WASHINGTON, March 10. - The politicians are already speculating how Judge Gresham and his assistant Secretary of State. Mr. Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts, will get on together. Mr. Quincy is a high-spirited man, as any member of his distinguished family might be expected to be, and his manners are said to be of the clid and calculating sort, enough to put him still further out of the reach of the blandishments of office seekers or of any imperious dictation from a superior officer. Judge Gresham un-doubtedly left the Post Office Department and later the Treasury Department more com-fortable and contented than when he entered them, but his peculiar disposition will shake up the dry hones of the State Department in fine, desirable fashion. The new assistant Secretary, however, the imperious tors of the young Democracy of Massachusetts, will not stand any nonsense from anyboly.

Josiah Quincy's long head and his decisive political methods have commanded the admiation of his followers, high and low, among the Democrats of the old Bay State ever since ie left the Republican party. He has been acceptable alike to the silver tops and the silk stockings, and to the former followers of Cun-niff and Maguire, and he has been admired by them att. Nathan Matthews, the wonderful young Maror of Boston, and Gov. "Billy" tussed also admire him. He has managed State campaigns as we las Legislatures, and his unwavering success was the chief cause of his selection to have charge of the literary bureau at Democratic heauquarters. There he managed matters with the steady hand of a veteran. He knew intuitively where to send the tariff speeches and where the flaming hand bills, and he knew how to prepare there. And he always exercised a proper caution about the employment of trustworthy persons about headquarters; for once, when a new man appeared upon the scene to help him, he inquired about his Democracy, and felt satisfied when the young man said that he had been sent thither by a well-known Maryland Democrat named Gorman.

A Massachusetts man in town recalls with what stolidity Quincy used to edit Gov. Russell's speeches in campaign times, not merely by looking them over before they were attered and making suggestions here and there, but by actually subtracting from them and adving to them after they had appeared in cold type, and Mr. Quincy has been known to visit newspaper offices in Boston as late as 2 o'clock in the morning-It is characteristic of him that he never sleepsand demand that the proofs of the Governor's meeting at Smithville be shown to him. He would examine them closely and cut out parts, change parts, and add parts, so that when the eloquent utterances of Mr. Russell as peared next morning they not only sounded the toesin, set the keynote, and held the banner of victory aloft, &c., but they said never a word that could injure the party which he represented nor omitted a word that could help it. Here again did Quincy's nerve command admiration.

The wonted composure of the new Assistant Secretary of State was nearly upset, however, when it was generally announced in the Boston papers that he would control the patronage of Massachusetts under the Cleveland Administration. This not only served to bring down upon him hundreds of applications for places from as many hundreds of his patriotic fellow citizens, but it suffered the idea to prevail that he alone was boss, a situation siso irksome to him. His appointment as Assistant Secretary will dispel his impression partly, though it is understood at the capital that the young scion of the House of Quincy, the descendant of a Mayor of Boston and a President of Harvard College, will have a great deal to say about appointments among his neighbors. It is not likely that he will hesitate to express opinions to candidates for office. Sherman Hoar, the brilliant young nephew of Uncle Frisbie, went to Josiah Quincy, perhaps a forinight ago, to ask his old college friend for his lice a about his (Hoar's) candidacy for United States District Attorney at Boston.

"What do you think of 112" said Hoar.

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for office. Sherman Hoar, the prillimit young perhaps a foringht ago, to ask his old college friend for his sides about his (Hoar's) candidacy for United States District Attorney at Boston.

"What do you think of it?" said Hoar.
"Loon't think much of it," said Hoar.
"Heause I don't think you are enough of a lawyer." said Mr. Quincy.
"Why?" asked Mr. Hoar.
"Because I don't think you are enough of a lawyer," said Mr. Quincy.
"But young Mr. Hoar may have the laugh on Mr. Quincy yot, as Richard Olney, Mr. Cleven in the Boston District Wrs his aspiration toward the Boston District Wrs his aspiration toward the Boston District Wrs his sepiration as Mr. Quincy's engaging frankness may not expand into actual opt ostino.

It must not escape notice that Josiah Quincy has been appointed to a place lateiy adorned by William F. Wharton, another Bostonian of distinguished lineage. He was appointed Assistant Secretary of State soon after the late Secretary Blaine sent word to Honry Cabot Lodge, then a member of the House, to know who in Massachusetta Lodge would like to have appointed Assistant Secretary, and Lodge in the landsome, athletic man, with harton is always to the server of the server of the following the landsome, athletic man, with harton is always to the server of the present in the Northwest for their evident English inclination. Wharton, like Lodge, is an inveterate and elegant inorsciack rieer. Some two fears ago he was climbing one of the hills near ked Top mounted on a big strong bay, and dressed for his sport in the extreme English his high for limit then a Majori happoned to be riding sort in the extreme English his high for limit sport in the extreme English his high for limit sport in the strength of the rider.

"That," replied Like. "Is your Assistant Secretary of State.

"Ah," said Mr. Harrison. "I undersland."

"The President had not known Mr. Wharton in the hard sport in the sampaign. He had claimed thus early to be a farili soper, and interving the limit of the lands of the lands of the lands of the

A Populite that Palled to Return.

Promite that Paties to Return.

Promite Indiamosite Journal.

TERRE HAUTE, March 3.—The wife of the Hon. Henry A. White, the Kansas Populist leader, who carried the electoral vote of that state to Washingson, has written to the police here in quest of her husband. He had not been heard from by his friends since he left for Washington. The wife sent a photograph, and said there is a woman in Terre liaute with whom her husband used to be "chummy."

It appears he registered at a hotel here Feb. 11 and left the hotel three days later. While here he called on friends of former days, to one of whom he talked freely of his life in Kansas. He said he was married, but remarked that his marriage was not a happy one. He also said that he had about decided to leave Hansas and was strongly impressed with the desire to locate here and practice law. He had been to Washington when here. He was well supplied with money. The police have been transle to trace him since he last the hotel of the said to trace him since he last the hotel of the said to trace him since he last the hotel of the said to trace him since he last the hotel of the said to trace him since he last the hotel of the said to trace him since he last the hotel of the said to trace him since he last the hotel of the said to the said the hotel of the said the hotel of the said to trace him since he last the hotel of the said the said to the said the hotel of the said the hotel of the said the hotel of the said the said the said the hotel of the said t